

THE FOURTH OF JULY

(Bro. Jonathan, Lequiter.)
 H! I'm a Philistine,
 and wear my emotion
 Somewhat on my sleeve,
 and betray my devotion
 Profusely, so doubt, in a fashion bucolic,
 With scarce any choice 'twixt a light and a coil.
 Whenever that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 It may be "bad form," or "provincial," or "sty,"
 To wake up the dead on the Fourth of July
 With cannons and treacherous, trumpets and drums;
 But the blood in my veins sort o' bubbles and thums
 Whenever that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 Forbid not the children, the girls and the boys;
 Of such is the kingdom; go on with the noise!
 It's good to be young, and it's good to be here
 On the happiest day that comes in the year—
 The day on which Freedom "Old Glory" unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 Gae bless the old fog with fire in his eye
 And a whoop in his throat for the Fourth of July!
 I share his delight in a spread-eagle lion;
 And his cock-crow the wall sort o' patriot jingo
 Whenever that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 It's all very well to be courteous and pleasant,
 And praise other nations—when strangers are present;
 But there's no use o' talking, it's in me to say:
 We can lick all creation and rest half the day,
 Whenever that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 Some folks that we've wallowed need more of it
 Yet, to remind 'em of Yorktown, we'll say, or Chalmette,
 To teach 'em good manners—a thing that's lacking.
 Is it kipling around? Well, I don't take it back
 Just now, when that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 We keep open house, and we have the same word
 Of welcome for peasant, or flunkie, or lord;
 And we'll have a lift kick out a king as a tramp.
 If he looks like a huf and behaves like a scamp,
 Whenever that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 If aliens don't think that our land is the best,
 Let 'em take themselves back to their own and be best;
 Where they'll not have to look democrats in the eye,
 Or see the bird soar on the Fourth of July.
 What time that old banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 For as long as time lasts, or while freemen survive,
 And swear in our nation like bees in a hive,
 We'll have our own way, and our way will be right;
 And a glory by day and a splendor by night,
 That banner shall lead; it will never be furled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 It's queer, but my eyes kind o' fill up with water,
 And somehow my voice don't sound as clear as it ought to
 When I think of the men and the days that are dead,
 Of the wrongs that were borne and the blood that was shed,
 For the sake of that banner above us unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 Lawk! how I despise certain fellows I know,
 Self-styled cosmopolites, in a show
 Of universality, let me say,
 And half making fun of our Fourth of July;
 And winking like apes when our banner's unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 I'd just like to stamp 'em down under my feet,
 Or give 'em a whaling whenever we meet!
 What are they fit for under the sun?
 The thought of a battle would make 'em run.
 Desert the old banner that Freedom unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 Oh, yes, 'twould be useless for me to deny
 That I'm kind o' worked up on the Fourth of July.
 And proud of our record and proud of our fame—
 Well, yes, I am old; but you bet I'm game
 Whenever that banner up there is unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 Where's that declaration? Just read it once more,
 Then wheel out the cannons, and let 'em all roar
 For the glorious old flag that our heroes have borne
 In the tempests of battle, when hope was forlorn—
 That banner of glory by Freedom unfurled,
 The flag of my country, the bloom of the world:
 —Read at Roseland Park, N. Y., by Maurice Thompson.—N. Y. Independent.

THE FOURTH AT JAMTOWN.

HEN Gabe Harker, who had been in the idea of a formal celebration of the Fourth of July at Jamtown little attention was paid to his words. The inhabitants of that rough mining camp cared no more for national holidays than for the Sabbath day, their one ruling ambition being to unearth the coveted grains of gold from the California soil. But Gabe insisted that the day should be properly celebrated, and so eloquently championed the idea that at last the rough gold diggers began to think of it, then talk of it, and at last express the wish that for once in her existence Jamtown would observe the day in a becoming manner.

"I am a Philadelphian bred an' born," said Gabe to a group of interested listeners. "I was born in the identical old independence hall 'neath Washington street, I've sat in the identical chair in which he sat, I've laid this identical right hand on the old bell that first pealed out the news that Yankee Doodle had knocked the chip off'n the shoulder o' Johnny Bull, and I've dared him to take it up. I've used with these identical dockments that declared we'd be forevermore free an' emipotent, an' when a boy I have often peed off an' gone in swimmin' in the identical water that was once used to make a pot o' Yankee tea out o' British maple. My mother was a Darter o' the Revolution an' my father a continental sager, an' I

was rocked in a cradle cut out o' the identical tree o' liberty. I say most emphatically that I'd be a traitor to my country if I didn't celebrate the day as she'd ort to be celebrated."

He ceased his patriotic speech and ground at his tobacco with an earnestness which indicated how deeply the loyal emotion of his soul had been stirred.

"S'posin' we should decide to celebrate," said Judge Ramsay, the justice of the peace, "w'at's your idee of how it should be did? W'at sort o' patriotic bill o' fare would you dish up for the occasion?"

"Music an' speeches, songs an' ringin' in cheers, flags a flyin' an' salutes a shootin'! All the people congregate in one place, little an' big, red an' white, an' listen to the obsequies bestowed upon the day by our most eloquent orators, chief among whom are Judge Ramsay, I tell you, feller citizens, we kin grind out a celebration that'll shake these hills an' cause the air to tremble with patriotic chills an' fever."

The complaint paid to the judge's oratorical talent completely won him, and he followed Gabe's enthusiastic utterances with a speech that effectually settled the matter of a celebration. A meeting was called for that evening in front of the stage office, and with a unanimity seldom observed in a public meeting, a programme was drawn up and unanimously adopted. From a time-stained paper of that day I reproduce it:

The day will be ushered in by a unanimous salute at daybreak from all the guns and pistols in the camp.

9:00 A. M.—The people will assemble on Main street in front of the stage office, each carrying a small flag if he's got any.

9:30 A. M.—Formation of the procession by Jim Bradley, marshal of the day; the right wing of the column to rest on the Golden Girl saloon.

10:00 A. M.—The order to proceed will be given, and the procession will march down Main street to the creek, up the creek past Sam Warren's cabin to Patterson's tent, thence north along the pack trail to where one-eyed Dick killed the Mexican, east to the speaker's stand, where the circus showed last year, back of the dance house.

To his intense delight she expressed her willingness to contribute that much to the cause of liberty. Nay, more. She had in her rag bag an old red flannel petticoat which had performed its mission and been retired, and if Gabe would furnish the thread she would not only contribute the material, but would cut out and make the flag. He mattered something about the spirit of the Daughters of the Revolution being yet alive and kicking, and hastened to the store to secure the thread and commend Mrs. Porter's patriotism to all whom he should chance to meet.

The matter of music greatly worried the committee of arrangements. The only musical instruments in the camp were Big Sam's banjo and an old battered brass tuba owned by a man who had once played in a band back in the states; and although the tuba man volunteered to lead the procession and do the very best he could, the committee, after considerable discussion, concluded the music might be rather flat without a drum, and as no drum could be secured the procession must march without music. The tuba man was engaged to play a bass accompaniment to Jack Abrams' and the major's opening song, and for several days practiced industriously on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The parade was a success in every particular. The absence of music was scarcely observable, for the ringing cheers of the merry people as they marched through the town would have drowned the notes of any band of ordinary power. Mrs. Porter, although not so young or handsome as the picture we see of that noted character, marched at the head of the procession, representing the Goddess of Liberty, dressed in as gorgeous an array of stars and stripes as her limited supply of old skirts could produce. She was accompanied by royal honors, and marched with the haughty step of a queen.

The first number of the stand programme was announced, and Abrams and the major made a simultaneous bow which they had acquired only after the most careful practice. It took them but a few moments to properly pitch the tune, and then they broke forth in glad song, closely followed by the mellow notes of the tuba. The reading of the Fourth Reader selection by Pete Craven was very creditable in the light of his introductory statement that it had been several years since he had read anything, even a newspaper. The banjo solo was omitted for the reason that while tuning up Big Sam had broken the most important string on the instrument, and there was not another one in the camp.

Then came the event of the day, the oration by Judge Ramsay. That honored and honorable official stepped to the front of the platform in a deliberate manner, ran his left hand into the front of his vest, calmly and impressively surveyed the great audience in silence for a few moments and began:

"Feller Citizens: Had I the outshining eloquence of a Apollo, the chain lightning tongue of a Mercury, the winn'n grace an' innocent unconscious of a Venus standin' in quiet rumination on her adamantine base, I could not sufficiently accord my thanks to the wisely discriminating committee of honored citizens who selected me as the oratorical luminary of this conspicuous occasion. [Applause.] Hence I will repress my gratitude and proceed to my theme."

"The subject around which I shall try to twine the laurel wreaths of eloquence on this conspicuous occasion is one which would rouse the fires of patriotism in the quiverless breast of a marble statue, and cause its usually cold and silent lips to move in a burst of patriotic fervor. [Applause.] The subject is 'The Fourth of July.' A lady, my tongue falters when I contemplate the bottomless immensity of the theme and realize that, with the undying confidence you have ever reposed in me, you have entrusted it to my care. Can I do it justice? [Cries of 'Tackle it anyhow, Judge!']

"Go back with me, Mrs. Porter an' gentlemen, to the first original origin of this day. The soil of this now extensively discovered country had never yet felt the passionate kiss of a white man's foot. At the base of Plymouth Rock a band of Indians was camped. They arose one mornin', as had been their custom for years, an' prepare for the duties of the day. A warrior who had gone to the water's edge to wash his dusky face an' no less dusky hands suddenly disturbed the peaceful echoes with the startlin' cry: 'Sail, ho!'

"Whereaway?" shouted the chief, in great agitation.

"Whereaway," he responded, pointing out over the breast of the discontented waves.

"Far out at sea a sail was discovered. Nearer and nearer it drew, risin' an' fallin' on the impatient waves, an' at last neared the shore the natives beheld with awe a lordly man in kingly dress loolin' through a telescope. Lady and gentlemen, that man was Columbus, and he was at that moment engaged in discovering America. The natives drew back in timid alarm as the vessel approached an' ground her prow into the sandy shore, and a moment later Columbus stepped ashore an' claimed this glorious land an' planted in the sacred soil the great flag of freedom an' liberty, a counterpart of which is now adorning over us, thanks to the

patriotic spirit of our beloved goddess, Mrs. Porter. [Wild applause.] That feller citizens, was the Fourth day o' July, an' ever since that day has been one of rejoicin' over that fortunate discovery. Oh, feller citizens—

"Beginn' the speaker's pardon," said Gabe Harker, who had gone down in the audience where he could better hear the judge, "but aren't you a little mixed in yer dates, yer honor? We do not celebrate the discovery of America to-day, but the birth of the immortal Washington. We are here—"

"The court will not permit itself to be interrupted. It knows w'at it's talkin' about, an' if the erule-booked gentleman from Philadelphia is propin' in blind ignorance, he should endeavor to suppress the fact an' set still an' try to learn somethin'."

"The gentleman from the cradle o' liberty is endeavorin' to throw some light on official ignorance. I tell you, sir, we celebrate the birth o' George Washington an' not the landin' o' Columbus an' the Pilgrim fathers. I know, far my father fit under Washington."

"An' the court knows that the liberty brat doesn't know w'at it's talkin' about," the judge retorted. "We celebrate the discovery of America. Ain't I right, Big Sam?"

Big Sam said he really didn't know, but he thought a judge ought to know more than a common miner.

"Of course he should," the judge continued, "an' if the offspring from a dug-out crane interrupts me ag'in I'll jump down an' an' teach him a lesson in patriotism."

"The one-hoss jedge of a half-hoss court can't teach me nothin'. If he comes down here I'll beat a hole in the ground with him."

The judge's coat came off like a flash, and he bounded from the platform. Gabe was waiting for him, and the two came together like infuriated bulls. The excited crowd surged around the combatants with eager interest, some encouraging the child of liberty, while others urged the judicial light to greater efforts in defense of the honors he had accorded to Columbus. On and on they fought, kicking, biting, wrestling, striking, until at last the Philadelphia bore the judge to earth and jumped on his prostrate form with both feet. Then the bystanders interfered, and the defeated man, more dead than alive, was picked up in an unconscious condition and borne to his cabin.

While the dance was at its height that evening a symphonic group stood around the rule book on which rested the demoralized form of the judge. Opening his eyes the injured man feebly said:

"Boys, I reckon I got kicked."

"Got it piled onto you in purty fair shape, jedge," one of his friends replied.

"I deserved it, boys, far bein' so durned forgetful. My memory ain't pannin' out much good dust as I git older."

"Deserved it, jedge? Was you follerin' a blind lead in the Columbus busses?"

"Yes, I reckon Gabe was right, an' I want you to explain to him that I won't lay this up ag'in him. I've been layin' here a thinkin' it over, an' now it all comes to me as plain as day. It was Christmas w'en Columbus discovered us, an' not the Fourth."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"It is a mighty good boy who likes to have his school teacher meet his parents," Boston Transcript.

"What made you cry out so terribly in your sleep last night?" Adele—"O, I had an awful dream! I thought I went to the theater with a little flat bonnet on."—Inter Ocean.

Rest and change are good for people," said the school teacher, as she rose in the night to ride her husband's pockets. "I've had a rest, and now I think I'll have a little change."—Buffalo Courier.

"Hardup!" I have to pay my tailor to-morrow. If I should be a little short will you assist me?" Goldightly—"Certainly, I'll help you to throw the felt downstairs."—Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

Madam Newrieche: "I want a first-class passage to Harre. The agent of the Standard line: 'Yes, ma'am.' Madam Newrieche: 'And I insist upon having a smooth passage, no matter what the cost.'"

"I carry an life insurance." "Yes, \$10,000 in favor of my wife." "Should think you'd be ashamed to look her in the face." "What—what for?" "For living. What excuse do you give her?"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Hasn't there been something of a coolness between you and Reginald?" said the inquisitive girl. "O, yes," was the reply. "We were eating ice cream together only last night."—Washington Star.

"Doctor (feeling patient's pulse): 'Do you eat well?' Patient: 'I do.' Doctor: 'Do you sleep well?' Patient: 'Yes.' Doctor: 'Well, then, I will give you something to take away all that.'—Harvard Lampoon.

He drew her close to his bosom. "One heart," he whispered, "is all I want." She smiled radiantly. "Yes." "Her voice was low and musical." "—more would be superfluous, as the circulatory system is arranged."—Detroit Tribune.

"Mother—'You have drawn that donkey very nicely, Johnny, but you have forgotten one thing. Where is his tail?' Johnny:—'O, that donkey doesn't need any tail. There are no flies on him.'—Once a Week.

"I never see such a fellow as Bax," remarked a man about town. "He is always challenging someone to play poker." "Yes, he goes about, so to speak, with a stack of chips on his shoulder."—Washington Star.

"Cuzo—'Say, old man, why don't you try electricity for your baldness?' Karaway: 'Electricity? What's good could possibly do me?' Does it make the hair grow?' Cuzo: 'Best thing you could use—sure to give you a shock.'—Harvard Lampoon.

"Miss Emerson Glayshild of Boston: 'What manner of man do you suppose would be best fitted to reach my heart?' Mr. Manhattan and hering: 'Something in the line of Arctic explorer. I should imagine.'—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

"Kitty—'Why can't you stop these rats at the forest crossin' instead of de se—' Jimmy:—'Ain't you on? They saves themselves from hantin' you cross the street.' It's a cold day w'en a woman don't get de best of it."—Indianapolis Herald.

"Crossing the street the other day I heard the sharp, warning bell of a 'safety,' and looking down the street saw a small boy of about ten years old riding madly along at full speed, with several other children following him, an' an old gentleman stompin' feebly into the street, not hearing the bell. The boy dashed recklessly by me and straight at the man, yelling like mad. The poor old man gave one spasmodic jump towards the sidewalk, and the boy, severing just in time to avoid a collision, said: 'Well, you see, I ain't thought of it!' and disappeared around the next corner."—Harvard Advocate.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

"Fringed Celery.—This is a lovely decorative dish. Cut celery into two-inch pieces. Cut down into both ends of the celery in many slits to resemble fringe. Put into ice water, where it will curl out in a blossomy fashion. Serve on a cut-glass dish, or on a dainty napkin."—Good Housekeeping.

"Strawberry Cheesecake.—Bruise a pint of berries with a wooden spoon in a china bowl; add four heaped table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar and eight well whipped eggs. Line some patty pans with good paste, fill three parts with this mixture and bake in a well heated oven.—American Agriculturist.

"Quick Graham Bread.—Dry and a half pint sour milk, half cup New Orleans molasses, a little salt, two spoonfuls soda dissolved in a little hot water, and as much Graham flour as can be stirred in with a spoon; pour in well greased pan, put in oven as soon as mixed, and bake two hours.

"Vinegar Pie.—One teaspoonful each of water, vinegar and sugar. Place them over the fire and when boiling add one tablespoonful each of cornstarch, previously moistened with water and butter. Cook these minutes, set off and stir in half a teaspoonful lemon extract. Bake with both upper and lower crusts.—Orange Juice Farmer.

"Cheese cutlets may be made from scraps of dry cheese, and will also be perfectly good if prepared some time before used. Take three ounces of grated cheese, one and a half ounces of butter, two eggs, and a little mustard and cayenne pepper. Pound these ingredients well together, make up into pear-shaped cutlets. Brush over with eggs, shake in bread crumbs, arrange in a frying basket and cook in deep fat till a golden brown. Serve each cutlet on a piece of toast cut exactly to its shape. Dust a little grated Parmesan over and serve on a dolly."—Woman's Home Journal.

"Dry toast should be served directly from the toaster. When this is not practical pile it on a heated bread plate, cover it with a napkin and put it on the hearth or in the oven. Toast is given in all slight attacks of sickness, because it is so easily digested. The more thorough the conversion of the starch the more easily and perfectly the system will manage it, for the change of starch into dextrine by the action of heat is simply doing outside of the body what takes place in it, in the ordinary course of digestion by the action of the digestive fluids. Therefore, when this is accomplished by artificial means, nature is spared so much energy."—Christian Inquirer.

"Crumb Steak.—A piece of steak no bigger than the hand will make a nice breakfast dish if you have crumbs handy. Have it chopped very fine and freed from sinews and gristle. Mix one fine tablespoonful of onion and fry it a little brown in the butter. Add the minced meat and an equal quantity of bread crumbs, season nicely and moisten with a little cold gravy or stock of any kind. It must be just moist enough to mold into shape. Pressed into a small wad, and fry it a little brown on both sides. Fry the onion and meat separately, and when they are fried, they should have a good gravy. This same device was used in trying him in the cow stable, when he was outside, thus allowing him the freedom of walking around to the 'end of his tether,' he, of course, being fastened in the stanchions while the cows were being milked. The statement has been advanced that the bull should never be petted, as that course has a tendency to lessen his virility. Be that as it may, this Jersey was petted and apparently liked to be so, and no trouble was ever experienced in the lines indicated. I had a herd of thirty cows and his offspring in each case was always healthy and strong, and never did his efforts prove abortive. His name answered to it whenever called, and he would come to eat salt, a potato, or a littleilage out of my hand. It may be that this Jersey was an exception to the average bull, but I think the care and kind treatment he received was what made him so gentle and docile.—Alex Wallace, in American Agriculturist.

CLEANLINESS IN SURGERY.

The Cardinal Precepts of the Science of Operating in the Present Day.

There are three locations, so to speak, the absolute cleanliness of which must be above suspicion before the operator is justified in proceeding to his work. These are the surgeon's hands, his instruments, and the integument covering the part of the patient's body at which the operation is about to be performed. How is the requisite cleanliness in each case secured? So far as the hands are concerned, the operator, scrubbing with a nail brush in soap and hot water, followed by a thorough drenching in some antiseptic solution, as that of one in two thousand of perchloride of mercury; so far as the instruments are concerned, by sterilizing them, that is, by boiling them in water, or by passing them through the flame of a spirit lamp, or placing them in a steam sterilizer, and then, when the operator is ready to begin, by putting them into a receptacle containing antiseptic solution, as, for example, that of carbolic acid. Lastly, so far as the patient's integument is concerned, by washing the part first thoroughly with soap and water, having previously shaved it if necessary, and afterward with a perchloride of mercury solution, or, if the part be greasy, by removing all the greasy material by scrubbing it with ether.

Without going into further details, these are the cardinal precepts of the science of operating in the present day. Of course, each wound which is made in this manner is made under aseptic conditions, as it is called, 'kept aseptic by the use of antiseptic dressings until healing has taken place. The results of this method of treatment of wounds are nothing less than wonderful in comparison with those which the earlier surgeons were able to obtain. What happens after, say, the amputation of a limb, nowadays? The rule is—nothing. Nothing, that is to say, beyond the uneventful convalescence of the patient.

The dressings are not touched unless the temperature and the pulse of the patient indicate a serious disturbance, that it would be expedient to examine the wound. The temperature and the pulse are the surgeon's guide; he takes his cue from them. Nothing can be amiss in the wound if these remain normal, and thus it follows that a large wound, such as that following an amputation, heals in some cases from first to last without any suppuration. What a contrast with that which obtained in former days! Suppuration was then thought to be an indispensable part of the healthy process of healing. In the present time, on the contrary, a surgeon is held to have failed in his practice if the principles of surgical cleanliness, if in wounds originally aseptic, suppuration occurs.—Nineteenth Century.

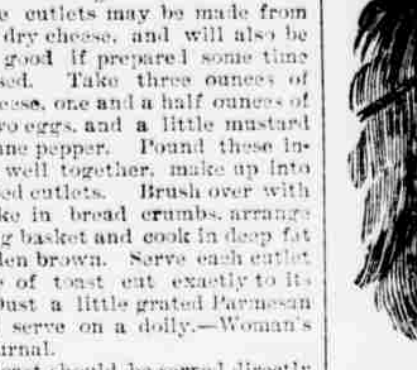
THE FARMING WORLD.

A PET JERSEY BULL.

How an Intelligent Farmer Tamed the Head of the Herd.

Much has been said and written about viciousness in bulls, which, to a more or less degree, will hold good; but a great deal of this peculiarly bad trait in their characters could be eliminated, were the proper means resorted to. The bull is a gregarious animal; he likes not to be alone, and one of the greatest stimulants to engender a cranky, vicious nature in him is to keep him secluded, to isolate him from his world, so that he sees none of his kind and hears only the voice of his attendant. My own experience in the treatment of a two-year-old bull with seven-eighths Jersey blood in him, and the result obtained therefrom, may be interesting as demonstrating some of the more docile traits in the animal's nature.

During the winter months I kept the bull in a stable where the young stock were wintered, feeding him, on the same rations as the latter received, and driving him out to water along



A PET JERSEY BULL.

with his companions. He was always tractable, never fractious, and showed no disposition to separate himself from them. As soon as the cows were let out to pasture he was allowed to go with them wherever they went, except into the yard where they were milked. At the end of three months, I installed him in one of the corners of the cow stable, where he was kept until it was time to bring the herd inside, when he was removed to another stable by himself. During the period of his incarceration in the cow stable, he was well looked after, kept scrupulously clean by being washed daily with leading material, and fed and watered regularly. Here he was as 'gentle as a lamb.' When leading the bull to and from water, I have at times done so by simply taking hold of his horn, and at no time did I employ any means other than the device shown in the accompanying illustration, which obviates the use of a halter, being more speedily adjusted and just as secure. It consists of a piece of rope with a loop at one end, which is thrown over one horn, a half hitch being made around the other horn, thus firmly securing the rope, for the more the animal pulls the tighter the rope is drawn. This same device was used in trying him in the cow stable, when the cows were outside, thus allowing him the freedom of walking around to the 'end of his tether,' he, of course, being fastened in the stanchions while the cows were being milked. The statement has been advanced that the bull should never be petted, as that course has a tendency to lessen his virility. Be that as it may, this Jersey was petted and apparently liked to be so, and no trouble was ever experienced in the lines indicated. I had a herd of thirty cows and his offspring in each case was always healthy and strong, and never did his efforts prove abortive. His name answered to it whenever called, and he would come to eat salt, a potato, or a littleilage out of my hand. It may be that this Jersey was an exception to the average bull, but I think the care and kind treatment he received was what made him so gentle and docile.—Alex Wallace, in American Agriculturist.

Why Some Dairymen Fail.

One source of great loss is lack of skill in breeding. As far as possible the producer of milk should put the finished product into the hands of the consumer, for it is the finished product that gives the profit, the raw material does not. The skimming of milk for cheese and not branding it just what it is, is cheating. It is adulteration by subtraction. The making bogus butter is adulteration by addition. The factory has done an irreparable injury to the cheese industry of Ohio. I do not think the factory men have been consciously dishonest, but by skimming they have committed a great wrong. I believe farmers must refuse to sell milk to manufacturers of skimmed milk cheese. The butter business is better than the cheese industry because it admits of an unobstructed sale to the consumer without the interference of the middleman. The farmer who does not sell a finished product will not be prosperous.—W. J. Chamberlain, in Rural World.

More Variety for Hogs.

The fattening hog has usually less variety in his feed than any other animal. What is worse its nutriment is concentrated in small bulk, and when this feed is corn, as it usually is, there is too much starch in it and too little other nutrition. The result of such feeding is that the hogs become surfeited and their digestion is injured. They may increase fat, but it is not good healthy pork, and they will not gain so rapidly as if they had greater variety. They will eat out clover hay in considerable amounts if it is steamed, and wheat middlings put on it. Hogs thus fed will continue to grow and may be fattened until a year old with profit. It is indigestion caused by poor feeding more than anything else which makes it unprofitable to keep hogs after they weigh 150 to 200 pounds each.—Colman's Rural World.

To Kill the Blister Beetle.

The blister beetle, or what some call the old-fashioned potato bug, does not like the Bordeaux mixture. This beetle was very troublesome last year in certain sections of the country. By putting a half pound of Paris green in a barrel of the mixture the Colorado bug may be killed, the blister beetle driven away, and the potato blight prevented, all in one operation. The same combination should be tried with caution on tomatoes. Tomato foliage will not bear as much Paris green as the foliage of potatoes. Blister beetles have a decided preference for tomatoes.

Hadn't Thought of That.

Mr. Norris—I went to see my doctor last morning, and he merely nodded to me from the inside room and went on talking with some woman for about half an hour. By that time I felt so much better that I came away without consulting him. Good joke on the doctor, eh?

Mr. Stokes—I don't see it. Probably he'll charge you \$5 for the visit, all the same.—Brooklyn Life.

"Where's that palace wherein foul things sometimes intrude not?—Shakespeare.

"Birds in Attack.

Birds display great skill and cunning in the chase, the attack and in guarding themselves from injury during the struggle for supremacy. The secretary bird is the inveterate enemy and untrusting pursuer of the snake. All sorts, even the most venomous, he hunts with a zest that is at once interesting and amusing. The snake flees from his foe, who follows, watching every opportunity for a blow. When the reptile turns, the bird uses one of its wings as a shield and strikes with his foot. The snake buries his fangs in the wing, but leaves the poison in the plumage, and the bird escapes unhurt. Repeated blows from the powerful club confuse and disable the snake, and at last it falls to be at once dispatched by the thrusts of the sharp beak into its head. The bird then tosses its victim into the air and catches it as it falls, swallowing it.—N. Y. Ledger.

A JOLLY FOURTH.

"I had more fun on the Fourth en on can shake a stick at."—Chicago Mail.

Only Two.

She—I have just been reading about the seven ages of man. I wonder how Shakespeare would have described the ages of woman?

He—There would be but two ages of woman.

"How's that?"

"Sweet sixteen and not yet thirty."—Detroit Tribune.



A PET JERSEY BULL.

"Put napkins and butter knives on the tables," was the answer of a wise man, "and if that doesn't send 'em, table cloths will, sure."

Napkins and butter knives proved to be enough.

Early morning travelers in the car of the Third Avenue street car line have recently seen another example of the effect of environment. During the year before the cable road was completed this company's old horse cars had gotten into bad condition, and the worst looking of the cars were run in their early morning hours. To a man who went home by that line about four or five o'clock every morning it seemed as if the bowery and Park row were getting more and more drunken and disorderly. Drunken parties boarded the old cars and had fun with the conductor and annoyed the other passengers. Windows were often smashed. The conductors had to pay for the broken glass, and sometimes they could coax the money out of the boisterous persons and sometimes not. It was unpleasant all around.

All of this changed at once with the advent of the handsome cable cars.

"What's become of your drunken people?" was asked recently of a conductor who had been a frequent sufferer.

"I don't know," he said. "The bowery seems to have got sober all at once. They never get aboard nowadays, and I haven't had a cent's worth of damage done since the new cars began running."—N. Y. Sun.

THE FOURTH AT JAMTOWN.

VENUS standin' in quiet rumination on her adamantine base, I could not sufficiently accord my thanks to the wisely discriminating committee of honored citizens who selected me as the oratorical luminary of this conspicuous occasion. [Applause.] Hence I will repress my gratitude and proceed to my theme."

"The subject around which I shall try to twine the laurel wreaths of eloquence on this conspicuous occasion is one which would rouse the fires of patriotism in the quiverless breast of a marble statue, and cause its usually cold and silent lips to move in a burst of patriotic fervor. [Applause.] The subject is 'The Fourth of July.' A lady, my tongue falters when I contemplate the bottomless immensity of the theme and realize that, with the undying confidence you have ever reposed in me, you have entrusted it to my care. Can I do it justice? [Cries of 'Tackle it anyhow, Judge!']

"Go back with me, Mrs. Porter an' gentlemen, to the first original origin of this day. The soil of this now extensively discovered country had never yet felt the passionate kiss of a white man's foot. At the base of Plymouth Rock a band of Indians was camped. They arose one mornin', as had been their custom for years, an' prepare for the duties of the day. A warrior who had gone to the water's edge to wash his dusky face an' no less dusky hands suddenly disturbed the peaceful echoes with the startlin' cry: 'Sail, ho!'

"Whereaway?" shouted the chief, in great agitation.

"Whereaway," he responded, pointing out over the breast of the discontented waves.

"Far out at sea a sail was discovered. Nearer and nearer it drew, risin' an' fallin' on the impatient waves, an' at last neared the shore the natives beheld with awe a lordly man in kingly dress loolin' through a telescope. Lady and gentlemen, that man was Columbus, and he was at that moment engaged in discovering America. The natives drew back in timid alarm as the vessel approached an' ground her prow into the sandy shore, and a moment later Columbus stepped ashore an' claimed this glorious land an' planted in the sacred soil the great flag of freedom an' liberty, a counterpart of which is now adorning over us, thanks to the

powerful spirit of our beloved goddess, Mrs. Porter. [Wild applause.] That feller citizens, was the Fourth day o' July, an' ever since that day has been one of rejoicin' over that fortunate discovery. Oh, feller citizens—

"Beginn' the speaker's pardon," said Gabe Harker, who had gone down in the audience where he could better hear the judge, "but aren't you a little mixed in yer dates, yer honor? We do not celebrate the discovery of America to-day, but the birth of the immortal Washington. We are here—"

"The court will not permit itself to be interrupted. It knows w'at it's talkin' about, an' if the erule-booked gentleman from Philadelphia is propin' in blind ignorance, he should endeavor to suppress the fact an' set still an' try to learn somethin'."

"The gentleman from the cradle o' liberty is endeavorin' to throw some light on official ignorance. I tell you, sir, we celebrate the birth o' George Washington an' not the landin' o' Columbus an' the Pilgrim fathers. I know, far my father fit under Washington."

"An' the court knows that the liberty brat doesn't know w'at it's talkin' about," the judge retorted. "We celebrate the discovery of America. Ain't I right, Big Sam?"

Big Sam said he really didn't know, but he thought a judge ought to know more than a common miner.

"Of course he should," the judge continued, "an' if the offspring from a dug-out crane interrupts me ag'in I'll jump down an' an' teach him a lesson in patriotism."

"The one-hoss jedge of a half-hoss court can't teach me nothin'. If he comes down here I'll beat a hole in the ground with him."